

# Press-Herald

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## Finch for Lt. Governor

Choosing between candidates for an office can be a difficult assignment at any time, for California voters should not have this problem when it comes to selecting a lieutenant governor in November.

Robert Finch, an old hand at Republican politics, is an outstanding choice for the No. 2 job in the No. 1 state.

Thousands of residents of this area remember Finch as a fighting young candidate who waged vigorous fights against the entrenched 17th District Congressman in 1952 and 1954.

Finch's ability as an administrator and his experience in local, state, and national Republican affairs make him an outstanding choice for the office.

His assignments have included service in Washington as an administrative assistant to former Congressman Norris Poulson (later mayor of Los Angeles) and as an administrative assistant to Vice President Richard Nixon.

A seasoned campaigner, Finch was California director of the George Murphy campaign for Senate and was national director of the Nixon-Lodge campaign in 1960.

A native of Arizona, Finch has lived in California since he was a young boy. He was graduated from Inglewood High School, Occidental College, and the University of Southern California School of Law. He was president of the student bodies at each of the three schools.

He served in the Marines from 1943 until 1945 and was recalled for service during the Korean War, leaving the service in 1952 with the rank of 1st lieutenant.

He organized and became the senior partner of his own law firm and has been an officer and board member of several financial institutions.

The office of lieutenant governor calls for this kind of experience, and for the kind of decision-making ability which Finch has demonstrated through his nearly two decades of party leadership.

California's lieutenant governor is president of the State Senate, a member of the Board of Regents of the University of California, and a member of the Board of Trustees for State Colleges, and he sits on the California Disaster Council, State Lands Commission, Coordinating Council on Urban Policy, and he becomes acting governor at any time the governor leaves the state.

Finch has demonstrated that he has the ability to get things done. He is a "take-charge" man when responsibility is thrust upon him. The incumbent, on the other hand, has demonstrated that he is woefully incapable of assuming such responsibility, and his indecisive action last year during the early hours of the Watts Riots earned him the disdain of his own party.

California deserves the best in its public officials and we are convinced that Robert Finch is clearly the best choice for lieutenant governor. We strongly urge his election.

## Opinions of Others

When we attended school many years ago we were taught the Republic of United States was a government of the people, by the people and for the people. Today we are getting further and further away from the original meaning. . . . Once we lose our small government, we might just as well kiss most of our liberties goodbye and resign ourselves to the same conditions the people in Russia live under. We are getting closer each day with all the agencies the government is now controlling, such as welfare, social security, medicare, etc. And you are paying for it, because it is taken from your paycheck before you even see it, let alone get your hands on it.—St. Marys (Pa.) Press.

A danger in the United States today is that demonstrations and intimidations will replace government by orderly, legal process. . . . There has been great progress by reliance on government by law and change by the due and legal process. Minorities in this country enjoy better living conditions and greater opportunities than anywhere else in the world. . . . All Americans have much to be thankful for, and all should avoid extreme actions or counteractions.—Grants (N.M.) Beacon.

It takes two persons to pass a fraudulent check, the one who gives it and the one who receives it. . . . Law enforcement officials are continually amazed at the gullibility of people who are otherwise extremely shrewd. They will take a large check from a total stranger, forget to ask for any identification, make no note of the person's appearance and are as innocent as a babe when the officials begin asking for information to help catch the culprit.—Wynne (Ark.) Progress.

We have not reached the point of Dickens' England, when no one dared walk the streets of London without bodyguards and torchbearers. But the streets of our cities are unsafe for many today. Just as England broke the grip of 18th century criminals, so the United States today must find a way to reverse the crime statistics and restore safety and peace in the streets.—International Falls (Minn.) Journal.

The world food shortage, predicted for the turn of the century, may not be that far away. In fact, it may have already started. Farmers are complaining they can't get labor to grow crops, especially fruits and vegetables. Produce men say this year the supplies have been less adequate than in many years. It might be that now is the time to survey the situation, lift some controls, and get to work rebuilding reserves the world will need.—Goshen (Ind.) News.

## Liberal Hex



STAN DELAPLANE

## Half-Timbered Houses, Old Churches Add Charm

LUDLOW, ENGLAND — This is a wonderful Shropshire town. Full of antique half-timbered houses and old churches. The countryside is lined with castles that once held the border against the wild Welshmen a few miles away.

"The Feathers" is your hotel. It opened for business in 1660, advertising "fyne foode served by comely and comely wenchens." Modern bedrooms. Inexpensive. A snug, polished brass-and-copper bar and very good dinner.

"Do you tip in bars in England? We've heard 'yes' and we've heard 'no.'"

In London bars and big hotels, I do. In country pubs, I don't. Unless the drinks are served by a waitress. That's rare. Usually you order your drinks at the bar and carry them to your table.

You do this rather by ear. Quite a few country pubs—really hotels—put a 10 per cent service charge on your bill. That is the tip. They do not put the percent on a bar bill if you just stop in. You can generally tell by seeing what other people do. Drinks are paid for each round. See if the others tip.

"Last year we found we had to carry our own baggage. The porter was 'out.'"

Happens to me often enough. If you do the English countryside and stay in smaller pubs—the best way to my mind—go light. These places aren't staffed like the Hiltons. But if you like the life, the charm makes up for it.

There's little room service if any. But you can always have morning tea sent up. If you ask for it the night before! And "book" the morning papers when you "book" the tea. They only order enough for what the

guests order the night before.

... if water is safe to drink in England?"

If you drink tap water at home, you can drink it here. Water in England is better than my home water. They don't put chlorine in it. May.

### Travel

be because there is so much running water. It's a country of rivers.

"We have heard that you can live so much better on retirement income in Spain or Mexico. But would we be safe on fixed income? Or are prices rising?"

I don't see how you can stand off rising prices—either here or there. Spain and Portugal have rigid laws that are holding the price line more than the U. S. and Mexico. But living is cheaper in all these countries. And you might not get priced out so soon.

In these countries you save on housing, clothing and labor—which means all labor products such as food. You pay more if you go into imported foods, liquor, and equipment.

### Quote

Language is not merely sound. If it were, a thunderbolt, sonic boom, or nuclear blast might become the quintessence of communication.—Denzel Carr, El Cerrito.

If we use that approach then we must conclude that all religious groups are sinful and should be censured because they accept financial support from us sinners.—Robert Lucas, Arcadia, on using "guilt by campaign support" in political campaigns.

## Morning Report:

Now that General de Gaulle finally has returned from Moscow, Cambodia, Africa and other way points, French newspapers are being unfair to him. They figure he could have given America what-for about Viet Nam just as easily without leaving Paris.

Maybe he just likes to travel. And if the General likes to travel, the French papers will have to bear with it for another 10 or 20 years. He likes to travel, he likes being president of France, and he likes living to a ripe old age.

And if he wants to go to Cambodia to make an anti-American speech, well, a lot of Americans go to Paris to buy the same dirty postcards available in McKeesport, Pa.

Abe Mellinkoff

## HERB CAEN SAYS:

# Writer Makes Startling Find: James Bond Loses

Herewith writer John Raymond with his annual up-to-the-second report on Sept. '66 issue of the San Francisco phone book: "Karl Marx lives! (on page 402). Five listings for Goldfinger, only four for James Bond. The Doves outnumber the Hawks, 11 to 7. And who would have thought there'd be more Sparrows (3) than Pigeons (2). Only one Owl (first name Hamilton). But mighty is the Eagle — 28 of them. Also 36 Hammers, four Nails, two Tacks, five Bolts, and one Nut. . . . Love is very big in S.F. (73) but Lust (3) is losing and Passion (2) is petering out. Kiss (8) wins out over Hug (3). The Little people (80) tower over the Large (one) and only two are Hip. There are more Pops (53) than Priests (11), far more Walkers (395) than Amblers (2), more Trotters (17) than Runners (6). A city with two Mountains, scads of Hills, three Peaks, two Valleys, 20 Lakes, 11 Pools and eight Flowers with a total of 70 Blooms. . . . Then there are Otto Hertz and Pamela Avis. Avis presumably tries harder because she lives at 18 Pleasant St. Now I'm going to call up Carl Jung (also listed) for an appointment to straighten out my phone boow syndrome. It's getting out of Hand (3). Best (59), John Raymond."

other night, after a late dinner in the dining room, the expert had to wash his OWN dishes, there being nobody left in the kitchen. Further result: All dish-washers back on the job. . . . A painter at work in the fancy Nob Hill Apts. accidentally shoved his ladder through a big window—and thought fast. Fetching a brick, he placed it on the

### San Francisco

floor and explained later to the owner: "See—vandalism!" "The guy who threw that," sniffed the owner, "ought to be pitching for the Giants." The apt. is on the 13th floor. . . . Leo Merle dropped in at the Beringer Bros. vineyards for a bit of sipping, and was startled to overhear a tourist explain to his wife: "Now the secret of this rose deer, is that it's made with peanut oil." Leo to the attendant: "I'm curious. Did you tell that man your rose has peanut oil in it?" Attendant: "No-no-NO—pinot noir!"

Whee, the people in the office of a well-known local bar, the accounts payable file is clearly labeled "Due Unto Others" . . . A frequent visitor to Union Square frustrates the pigeons by tossing 'em Mexican jumping beans

Caenetti: Supervisor Jack Morrison rec'd the following note from his 13-yr-old niece, about her 14-yr-old sister: "She didn't feel well and the doctor put her in the hospital. He thinks she has romantic fever" . . . Local atty. describing a

conservative: "A guy who is trying to steal second with one foot still on first" . . . The buses are carrying posters showing LBJ and a child over the message: "If the President has time to help the mentally retarded, what are you doing that is so important?" Under one of which somebody has scrawled: "Paying taxes" . . . Lenny Bruce lives! In a way; Two announcers have been fired from Station KPFA in Berkeley for airing some extra-salty recorded remarks by Lenny during a tribute to the late entertainer. A KPFA'er re Lenny: "Even after he's dead, he can't do anything right!"

Speaking Of: A really great throwaway line is falling on deaf ears at the Regal Theater on Market Street. The movie is "Die, Monster, Die," with Boris Karloff, Nick Adams, and Susan Farmer, and, according to our advice, it purports to show a wealthy English family in the grip of a poorly defined but extremely malevolent force from outer space. In the following chronology, (1) Nick Adams is attacked by a veiled horror, (2) Adams and the girl blunder into a greenhouse filled with radioactive monstrosities, (3) Miss Farmer is attacked by a vicious philodendron, and (4) the mother (Karloff's wife) becomes a leprous homicidal maniac who disintegrates juicily in front of her daughter."

It is following these peculiarities that Miss Farmer says to Karloff: "Father, we must leave before something dreadful happens!"

One of our world-famous hotels — all our hotels are world famous, except for those that are even famous — has put in an efficiency expert whose first daring move was to cut down on dishwashers. Result: The

## ROYCE BRIER

# The Pollsters All Felt George Had a Sure Thing

About mid-term, say 1791, they had a poll, and the General came up roses. The question was: "Would you vote for President Washington for a second term?"

Know what? — 98.4 per cent of those polled voted yes. True, they only asked 1,200, including farmers in northern Manhattan, but it was a cross-section, like Nielsen. Moreover, the same in the Philadelphia and Boston areas.

The General had his press secretary clip these polls from the newspapers, and whenever a Cabinet member like Knox or Hamilton murmured that the constituents were carping about this or that, the General would pull his clippings, which he kept in the wallet pocket of his coat.

Pulled them on the newspaper boys, too, and as the General had no surgical incision scar to exhibit, a poll was the best thing to show 'em.

### World Affairs

corny Frenchman looking for foreign aid for a revolution, and a Mr. Jay signed a British treaty that was for the birds, if you'll excuse it.

So about 1795 a new flock of polls came out, and blooey! The General was down to 88.1 and some thought they might vote for Adams or Jefferson.

The General turned to his press secretary over a bottle of Madeira, and says, "What

in the hell is biting these donkeys?"

So the secretary says, "Don't give it a thought, Excellency. Everybody says you are the Father of Your County."

"Oh, I wouldn't go that far," says the General modestly. "I'm just your President. But I'm damned if I want to stay one with all these curs snapping at my heels. I'll never go for a third term while Mount Vernon stands."

"Unthinkable, sir."

"Maybe, but I'm thinking," says the General. But the polls didn't get any worse, no matter what the General did. Public relations consultants told him Adams and Jefferson didn't stand a ghost of a chance, but the General had had it. If they ran polls, he ceased clipping them, and thus established a precedent for many a year—that and the second term precedent.

The American Psychological Association held a New York meeting, and a Dartmouth professor said every body is weary of Americans sashaying around the world as king surveys, scattering questionnaires, as a s e m b l i n g junk opinion that stuffs half the file cabinets of the Nation.

As a taxpayer who dishes out \$125,000 for a modest survey like "Should Racoons be Banned from Raising California Garbage Pails?" you may agree. And while you're of receptive mind, you may agree that the first cousin of surveys, the polls, are coming out of your ears.

It's got so that there are more cockeyed political research outfits in the country than raccoons, or dachshunds to chase them. Which reminds you of our legendary humblest office is dogcatcher. But you run for dogcatcher without hiring some opinion whizzes to comb your neighborhood, and see where you get.

So we have mayors, governors, congressmen, Presidents, and candidates thereof, all hanging on these polls like an Irish Sweepstakes, and if that isn't a dotty state of mind, what is?

## WILLIAM HOGAN

# Pravda's View of Berlin Battle at Odds With Ryan

Review of Reviews: It is unusual for the Moscow press to cover an American best-selling book. But Cornelius Ryan's "The Last Battle," a chilling account of an apocalyptic drama, the three-week assault on and capture of Berlin by the Red Army in the spring of 1945, has been getting notice there. Most American reviewers thought Ryan's research on the battle was a major virtue of his book. Indeed, he had full cooperation of the Soviet military in this research, unusual in itself. He talked with Red Army marshals and other participants who provided him with many documents not seen before by a Western writer; he also talked with their German counterparts who remain alive.

I was interested in Pravda's scathing, and to my mind naive, review of "The Last Battle." It is reprinted in translation in the September issue of Atlas: The Magazine of the World Press. The critic, D Kraminovich, charges that Ryan had made heroes of the German

military to please the NATO ally of the U. S., and again, "American propaganda is trying to blacken the Soviet ally in the anti-Hitler coalition," a statement that seems preposterous to an American reader of Ryan's fascinating, anecdotal drama.

The first thing that strikes me in Kraminovich's piece is an exaggeration: "The Last

### Books

Battle" was published recently in New York in tens of millions of copies." Actual printing was a reported 50,000 copies, and if the publisher is lucky this might reach 100,000 by December; a subsequent paperback edition might run to 500,000 copies.

The Pravda man apparently wanted a military history, which Ryan's book is not. Ryan sought to write "a story of ordinary people who were caught up in the despair, frustration, terror and rape of the defeat and the victory." That was not

enough for Kraminovich, who noted that "astonishingly little space is given to the action of the Soviet armed forces." And as for Ryan's talks with German participants in the battle, he "repeats the nonsense told him by the bestien Hitlerite general."

Most American reviews of the book praised Ryan's accounts of Berliners reeling under Russian hammer blows and his mosaic of human anecdotes as the city disintegrates. Pravda finds this beside the point, as it does the "anti-Soviet gossip of a Mother Superior or the attempts of Hitler's minister, Spree, to get the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra out of the city."

It was precisely this sort of thing Ryan was attempting to present, and presented so graphically in this book—the human elements, both heroic and contemptible, of a city under a merciless military attack. Pravda in any event, was a for-the-record dissent; there is no Soviet Russian edition of "The Last Battle" available.